

THE DEMING GRAPHIC

VOL. XVII, NO. 32

THE DEMING GRAPHIC TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 1921

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

JURY CHOSEN IN THE TRIAL OF VILLISTAS

Jury Completed by Mid-Afternoon and the Hearing of Testimony Began With Story of T. A. Hulsey.

INTEREST IN TRIAL LACKING

Bandits Look Clean, Neat and Well Fed in Contrast With Their Condition When First Brought Here

The hearing of testimony in the trial of the sixteen Villistas bandits charged with murder began this afternoon following the completion of the selection of a jury. The following are those composing the jury:

E. Berry, farmer; W. H. Carson, contractor; Hugh Ramsey, stockman; George Maise, farmer; William Lefler, railroad employee; Alexander Thompson, painter; Jack Tidmore, merchant; W. C. Curtis, jeweler; William Casto, contractor; Gordon Sage, mechanic; Frank Dunagan, stockman; Frank Torres, laborer.

District Attorney Forrest Fielder has indicated in questioning the candidates for the jury that he will try to prove that members of the Villa command killed W. T. Ritchie at Columbus on March 9, 1916 and that the defendants now on trial were present, aiding and abetting in the commission of the crime. He will, he states, ask for the death penalty.

Luis Montes de Oca, Mexican consul general in El Paso, declared yesterday that he would make official efforts to obtain a verdict of acquittal. Vincent Visconti, Mexican consul at Columbus is attending the trial as a representative of his government. It funds have been advanced to defray the expenses of the defense, the fact has not become known here.

The drawing of a jury in the trial for murder of the sixteen Villista bandits who took part in the Columbus raid March 9, 1916, began yesterday in the district court. The accused Mexicans were arraigned last Friday morning before Judge R. R. Ryan, a plea of "not guilty" being entered by each. Attorney R. F. Hamilton, was appointed by the court to conduct the defense. The grand jury, which completed its work last Friday afternoon, returned four indictments for murder against each of the defendants, Rafael Bustamante drawing four additional on the same charges. The defendants are: Pedro Borelago, Rafael Bustamante, Ramon Bustillos, Thomas Camreno, Lorenzo Gutierrez, Mariano Jimenez, Pedro Lopez, Jose de la Luz Marquez, Juan Munoz, David Rodriguez, Jose Rodriguez, Rafael Rodriguez, Francisco Solis, Jose Tena, Juan Torres, Santos Torres.

All but Jose Rodriguez were captured by the Pershing expedition and returned to civil authorities here. They pleaded guilty to a charge of murdering C. D. Miller, the night of the Columbus raid and were sentenced to life imprisonment. Rodriguez had been tried previously with six others captured in Columbus, he alone escaping the noose through executive clemency.

The sixteen bandits were unconditionally pardoned by former governor, O. A. Larrazolo, but were re-arrested before release from the penitentiary by Luna county officers largely at the instance of the American Legion, the war veterans having taken offense at the former governor's apology of the bandits' crimes.

It is thought that there will be little difficulty in securing a jury, although the case is historical and its details known to almost everyone in this section. However, there is practically no feeling against the defendants and an impartial trial is certain.

There are old indictments on file against the defendants and against their leader, Francisco Villa, who now enjoys the amnesty and patronage of the present government of Mexico. What interest "Poncho" Villa is taking in the case is unknown. The Mexican government had negotiated with Attorney A. B. Renahan of Santa Fe to conduct the defense, but had failed to do so. It is rumored that the Mexican government would find it inconvenient to appear in the case inasmuch as official support might be construed as a recognition of responsibility for the acts of Mexican bandits on this side of the border during the revolution.

Attorney Hamilton interviewed former governor Larrazolo in El Paso concerning the case and reports that the former executive of New Mexico shows deep resentment at the failure of the state supreme court to uphold his contention that the bandits were "Mexican soldiers," and exempt from prosecution as outlaws. It was at one time rumored that the former governor, who now specializes in Mexican law in the Texas courts, would assist in the defense of the men who were pardoned.

The Villistas will be tried on one of four indictments charging the murder of W. S. Ritchie, Mrs. Bessie James, Walton Walker and James T. Dean. These were four out of the five civilians killed outright in the raid.

Mr. Ritchie was the proprietor of the 2-story frame hotel known as the "Commercial," and which was destroyed by fire after the bandits had looted it and apparently killed every living person in it. Several did escape from

GRAND JURY INDICTS THE BANK DIRECTORS

First State Bank of Columbus, Which Closed Its Doors Last Fall, Has Affairs Probed by the Court.

HEARING SET FOR JUNE 16 NEXT

Villista Murder Trial is Only One to be Set for Present Term; Others to Come up Early in June.

The grand jury for the April term of the district court reported last Friday afternoon and was discharged by Judge R. R. Ryan. The jury had been in session since Wednesday afternoon. Twenty-three true bills and thirteen no bills were returned. All those indicted have been arraigned except those not under arrest.

Only the sixteen Villistas will be tried at this session, the other criminal cases being set for hearing after June 15. Besides the Villistas the following were indicted and are now under arrest: Jack Barrett and Floyd Barrett, larceny and unlawfully killing cattle; Jack Barrett pleaded guilty to the charge; J. O. Drummond, pleaded not guilty to fence cutting, set for June 13; Rodriguez, Apodaca and Matilde Cortez pleaded not guilty to burglary and grand larceny, set for June 13; Andres P. Almeron, pleaded not guilty to abandoning family, set for June 14; George Farr, pleaded guilty to sodomy; John R. Peterson (colored), pleaded not guilty to murder, set for June 15; Silverio Pena pleaded not guilty to theft of saddle, set for June 14; Arthur Mundel pleaded not guilty to burglary and grand larceny, set for June 14; J. L. Greenwood, J. S. Walker (and three others not under arrest) pleaded not guilty to charges of unlawfully receiving deposits and unlawfully making loans while conducting the State Bank of Columbus, hearing set for June 16.

Committees investigating the various county offices found them in good condition and recommendations made were of minor importance.

The grand jurors are as follows: Louis Ravel, Chas. M. Franklin, T. G. Upton, N. J. Welsh, R. M. Wilson, W. W. Phillips, J. O. Herrold, Oscar Toland, Claude D. Grabert, R. T. Hedrick, J. A. Hughes, Wm. Klein, B. D. Pennington, L. W. Gibson, Lynford I. Peterson, T. K. Yates, Edgar Hepp, Geo. L. Schenk, W. S. Clark, (foreman), F. L. Barka, Anastacio Torres.

Capt. N. J. Welsh of Gage was a visitor in Deming this week.

The Majestic Theater extends most hearty welcome to all I. O. O. F. visitors in our city.

The blaze and at least one of these, B. J. Aguilera of El Paso, is now in Deming. Mr. Ritchie was shot down on the steps of his hotel where he had gone to parley with the raiders. His daughter, Myrtle, a mere child, begged for his body that it might not be consumed by fire, but she was driven away with other children and the widow under threat of death.

Mrs. Bessie James was brought into the Hoover hotel mortally wounded. Her groans of agony brought no succor as the hotel was under fire and in darkness and those within were in constant terror. This hotel still stands with the bullet marks showing the severity of the rifle fire. It was near here that Lieut. Castleman and a handful of men composing the interior guard set up the first resistance that ended in the route of the bandits.

Walton Walker was killed in the upper hallway of the Commercial hotel and his body consumed in the fire.

James T. Dean was a merchant killed in the center of the main street. He was found with the keys of his store clutched in his hand.

Others killed were J. J. Moore, merchant; C. C. Miller, druggist; C. De Witt Miller, former state engineer; Harry Davis and Dr. Harry M. Hart, of the bureau of animal industry; Milton James, of El Paso and Southwestern railroad pump; Mariano Puchl, merchant; A. D. Frost, merchant; Mrs. J. J. Moore, were wounded. Eight soldiers were killed and a number wounded before the bandits could be driven off.

The attack was a complete surprise to the army garrison that consisted at the time of but one squadron of the 13th U. S. Infantry. The soldiers were almost all driven into the brush in their night clothes and were enabled to get arms and set up a resistance only because the bandits detailed to the camp left but a few guards while the rest joined the main body in looting the stores. A third party drove off a large number of cavalry horses.

After the soldiers succeeded in breaking through and securing arms they joined the interior guard which was already resisting and soon drove off the bandits with loss of more than 200 men. The Villa command was variously estimated at from 500 to 1,500 men. Villa never has confessed his connection with the raid nor given out any information regarding it. The complete story of the raid was first told in the Graphic and copied widely over the country in national publications.

At the last session of the New Mexico legislature \$5,000 was appropriated to defray the expenses of the trials. The Luna county court fund was insufficient for the purpose.

Admirable Senora Maria Rodriguez

Senora Maria Rodriguez, 24 years old, arrived in Deming Sunday night from Namiqulpa, Mexico, to be with her husband David Rodriguez, who is one of the sixteen Mexican bandits on trial for murders committed in the Villa raid on Columbus, New Mexico, March 9, 1916. The visitor is also the sister of another one of the prisoners, Pedro Borelago.

The pathetic little figure—for Senora Rodriguez is petit, and pretty, too, after the peon type—was huddled yesterday morning in a rear seat of the district court room, dabbling her eyes with a handkerchief while she observed the awe-inspiring procedure in the name of justice. She speaks no English, but every word she heard was weighed carefully, with the tone of the voice and facial expression that accompanied it; the fate of the man she loves is in the balance. Frequently she looked toward the double line of prisoners before the bar, and smiled encouragingly, even through her tears, when one turned his head even so slightly.

Probably no one would have recognized Senora Rodriguez, for there were a number of Mexican and Spanish-American women in the court room, had not Major N. W. Campanole, U. S. A., have observed her. Major Campanole was formerly chief of the intelligence section of the punitive expedition and is here from Washington, D. C. as a witness in the case for the state. The last time the army officer had seen the little woman, she was a child wife and mother, and he had been from her husband and brother in a night raid at the head of a detachment of American soldiers engaged in running down Villa followers in the Namiqulpa district.

Senora Rodriguez knew the major at once and bore him no ill will for his part in the tragic event. She talked to him gladly and accepted his offer to interpret her desire to visit the husband she had just seen for the first time in five weary years of hoping and praying.

"O, Senor, how we have suffered," she exclaimed with the dramatic intensity of her sex and race. "Our little one is now seven years old and David has not been seen since she was two. Mother and I are alone on the rancho where we have managed to live in spite of revolution and poverty."

Brushing aside the tears and smiling in spite of them, the courageous wife explained that she could not stay to the end of the trial because she had not the necessary funds. Just now she is stopping at the Park hotel, but says that she expects to find less expensive quarters soon in some Mexican family of the town. She feels that it is worth some sacrifice to be near David while he stands in the shadow of the gallows for the second time since his capture following the retreat of Villa from Columbus. Evidently women are pretty much the same the world over—fickle and steadfast, false and true.

"And," she protested with childish emphasis, "none of these prisoners are guilty of murder. They are all common soldiers—followers of Villa when he was the accepted ruler of Mexico, an honored guest even in Deming. Were these soldiers guilty of crime because they were true when others were false? Because they shared with their leader in victory and defeat, in honor and shame?"

"Now," and the soft lines of her face grew hard, "Villa has money and land and position; he will not turn his hand to help those who did his bidding so faithfully. I sent him a telegram imploring his assistance, but he doesn't even answer—I could kill him with these hands for his base neglect," and a baleful light flashed from the tear-swollen eyes as she assumed a posture of feline attack that was almost comical in contrast with the slight form and childish features.

Then the expression of anger gave place with volatile rapidity to one of weariness, and she sighed: "Madre de Dios, how I wish there had never been a Villa and a revolution. We were so happy in the old days, though we were quite poor and greatly oppressed."

Senora Rodriguez was dressed neatly, though her clothes were not of expensive materials nor of the latest mode. A long dark coat covered a blue dress, but did not altogether obliterate the lines of a trim figure. Her black hair and at times a considerable part of her berry-brown face was hidden in the folds of a black silk mantilla. High black kid shoes, with French heels, completed a costume. She carried a hand bag. Evidently Senora Rodriguez is a woman of pride in her personal appearance and not unconscious of her comeliness.

With the assistance of Major Campanole (Continued on Last Page.)

LOCAL BRIEFS

Mrs. Jowilla Bell, county superintendent, is attending a meeting of county school superintendents from all over the state being held at Santa Fe.

Clem Holdert is in Deming from Hurley last week enroute to Texas points.

Hugh H. Williams, chairman of the that he is doing all possible to have Animas station reopened.

An operator to meet the evening trains at Gage will be put on again by the Southern Pacific company.

Dr. R. F. Hoffman has been very ill for the past week with heart trouble and expects to leave soon to spend some time at Tucson, Ariz., and southern California.

J. J. Sullivan left the city last week for St. Louis, Mo., after a pleasant visit with relatives in Deming.

W. C. Simpson of the cattle sanitary service, was in Deming last week. He had been attending court at Socorro.

J. S. Vaughn is back from a trip to Socorro where he represented the cattlemen's association in the prosecution of cattle stealing cases.

Mrs. L. O. Tucker and children left the city last week for Yuma, Ariz., to join Mr. Tucker who is relief ticket clerk for the Southern Pacific railroad.

Hugh H. Williams, chairman of the state corporation commission was in the city last week to attend the funeral of his old friend J. N. Pettey.

A. W. Sullivan is holding the third trick at the Southern Pacific telegraph office while Miss Jean Shannon is on her vacation in San Francisco.

V. V. Tullis, watchman at the Gold avenue crossing of the Southern Pacific railroad is in New Orleans on a vacation.

Haskell Dial made a trip to Albuquerque last week to attend an insurance meeting.

"Pancho" Villa has offered to rebuild Jimenez and Parral, two thriving cities of northern Mexico practically ruined by the notorious bandit's revolutionary activities.

If a bill introduced recently in the senate goes through the western mine owners will be relieved of all assessments until July 1922. The claim owners already had been relieved from assessments until July of this year.

A suggestion to Deming: The Clovis chamber of commerce is now planning an athletic park which will contain a baseball diamond, athletic field, tourist camp ground and possibly a fair ground. All the organizations of the city are backing the project.

METHODIST CHURCH

Sunday School at 9:30 a. m., J. F. Dodderer, superintendent.

Preaching by the Rev. W. E. Fouls at 10:45 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Epworth League at 7 p. m., Roy Perkins, president.

You are urgently invited to worship with us. Visitors welcome.

J. H. WALKER, Pastor.

ing in spite of them, the courageous wife explained that she could not stay to the end of the trial because she had not the necessary funds. Just now she is stopping at the Park hotel, but says that she expects to find less expensive quarters soon in some Mexican family of the town. She feels that it is worth some sacrifice to be near David while he stands in the shadow of the gallows for the second time since his capture following the retreat of Villa from Columbus. Evidently women are pretty much the same the world over—fickle and steadfast, false and true.

"And," she protested with childish emphasis, "none of these prisoners are guilty of murder. They are all common soldiers—followers of Villa when he was the accepted ruler of Mexico, an honored guest even in Deming. Were these soldiers guilty of crime because they were true when others were false? Because they shared with their leader in victory and defeat, in honor and shame?"

"Now," and the soft lines of her face grew hard, "Villa has money and land and position; he will not turn his hand to help those who did his bidding so faithfully. I sent him a telegram imploring his assistance, but he doesn't even answer—I could kill him with these hands for his base neglect," and a baleful light flashed from the tear-swollen eyes as she assumed a posture of feline attack that was almost comical in contrast with the slight form and childish features.

Then the expression of anger gave place with volatile rapidity to one of weariness, and she sighed: "Madre de Dios, how I wish there had never been a Villa and a revolution. We were so happy in the old days, though we were quite poor and greatly oppressed."

Senora Rodriguez was dressed neatly, though her clothes were not of expensive materials nor of the latest mode. A long dark coat covered a blue dress, but did not altogether obliterate the lines of a trim figure. Her black hair and at times a considerable part of her berry-brown face was hidden in the folds of a black silk mantilla. High black kid shoes, with French heels, completed a costume. She carried a hand bag. Evidently Senora Rodriguez is a woman of pride in her personal appearance and not unconscious of her comeliness.

With the assistance of Major Campanole (Continued on Last Page.)

ing in spite of them, the courageous wife explained that she could not stay to the end of the trial because she had not the necessary funds. Just now she is stopping at the Park hotel, but says that she expects to find less expensive quarters soon in some Mexican family of the town. She feels that it is worth some sacrifice to be near David while he stands in the shadow of the gallows for the second time since his capture following the retreat of Villa from Columbus. Evidently women are pretty much the same the world over—fickle and steadfast, false and true.

"And," she protested with childish emphasis, "none of these prisoners are guilty of murder. They are all common soldiers—followers of Villa when he was the accepted ruler of Mexico, an honored guest even in Deming. Were these soldiers guilty of crime because they were true when others were false? Because they shared with their leader in victory and defeat, in honor and shame?"

"Now," and the soft lines of her face grew hard, "Villa has money and land and position; he will not turn his hand to help those who did his bidding so faithfully. I sent him a telegram imploring his assistance, but he doesn't even answer—I could kill him with these hands for his base neglect," and a baleful light flashed from the tear-swollen eyes as she assumed a posture of feline attack that was almost comical in contrast with the slight form and childish features.

Then the expression of anger gave place with volatile rapidity to one of weariness, and she sighed: "Madre de Dios, how I wish there had never been a Villa and a revolution. We were so happy in the old days, though we were quite poor and greatly oppressed."

Senora Rodriguez was dressed neatly, though her clothes were not of expensive materials nor of the latest mode. A long dark coat covered a blue dress, but did not altogether obliterate the lines of a trim figure. Her black hair and at times a considerable part of her berry-brown face was hidden in the folds of a black silk mantilla. High black kid shoes, with French heels, completed a costume. She carried a hand bag. Evidently Senora Rodriguez is a woman of pride in her personal appearance and not unconscious of her comeliness.

With the assistance of Major Campanole (Continued on Last Page.)

ing in spite of them, the courageous wife explained that she could not stay to the end of the trial because she had not the necessary funds. Just now she is stopping at the Park hotel, but says that she expects to find less expensive quarters soon in some Mexican family of the town. She feels that it is worth some sacrifice to be near David while he stands in the shadow of the gallows for the second time since his capture following the retreat of Villa from Columbus. Evidently women are pretty much the same the world over—fickle and steadfast, false and true.

"And," she protested with childish emphasis, "none of these prisoners are guilty of murder. They are all common soldiers—followers of Villa when he was the accepted ruler of Mexico, an honored guest even in Deming. Were these soldiers guilty of crime because they were true when others were false? Because they shared with their leader in victory and defeat, in honor and shame?"

"Now," and the soft lines of her face grew hard, "Villa has money and land and position; he will not turn his hand to help those who did his bidding so faithfully. I sent him a telegram imploring his assistance, but he doesn't even answer—I could kill him with these hands for his base neglect," and a baleful light flashed from the tear-swollen eyes as she assumed a posture of feline attack that was almost comical in contrast with the slight form and childish features.

Then the expression of anger gave place with volatile rapidity to one of weariness, and she sighed: "Madre de Dios, how I wish there had never been a Villa and a revolution. We were so happy in the old days, though we were quite poor and greatly oppressed."

Senora Rodriguez was dressed neatly, though her clothes were not of expensive materials nor of the latest mode. A long dark coat covered a blue dress, but did not altogether obliterate the lines of a trim figure. Her black hair and at times a considerable part of her berry-brown face was hidden in the folds of a black silk mantilla. High black kid shoes, with French heels, completed a costume. She carried a hand bag. Evidently Senora Rodriguez is a woman of pride in her personal appearance and not unconscious of her comeliness.

With the assistance of Major Campanole (Continued on Last Page.)

ing in spite of them, the courageous wife explained that she could not stay to the end of the trial because she had not the necessary funds. Just now she is stopping at the Park hotel, but says that she expects to find less expensive quarters soon in some Mexican family of the town. She feels that it is worth some sacrifice to be near David while he stands in the shadow of the gallows for the second time since his capture following the retreat of Villa from Columbus. Evidently women are pretty much the same the world over—fickle and steadfast, false and true.

"And," she protested with childish emphasis, "none of these prisoners are guilty of murder. They are all common soldiers—followers of Villa when he was the accepted ruler of Mexico, an honored guest even in Deming. Were these soldiers guilty of crime because they were true when others were false? Because they shared with their leader in victory and defeat, in honor and shame?"

"Now," and the soft lines of her face grew hard, "Villa has money and land and position; he will not turn his hand to help those who did his bidding so faithfully. I sent him a telegram imploring his assistance, but he doesn't even answer—I could kill him with these hands for his base neglect," and a baleful light flashed from the tear-swollen eyes as she assumed a posture of feline attack that was almost comical in contrast with the slight form and childish features.

Then the expression of anger gave place with volatile rapidity to one of weariness, and she sighed: "Madre de Dios, how I wish there had never been a Villa and a revolution. We were so happy in the old days, though we were quite poor and greatly oppressed."

Senora Rodriguez was dressed neatly, though her clothes were not of expensive materials nor of the latest mode. A long dark coat covered a blue dress, but did not altogether obliterate the lines of a trim figure. Her black hair and at times a considerable part of her berry-brown face was hidden in the folds of a black silk mantilla. High black kid shoes, with French heels, completed a costume. She carried a hand bag. Evidently Senora Rodriguez is a woman of pride in her personal appearance and not unconscious of her comeliness.

With the assistance of Major Campanole (Continued on Last Page.)

ing in spite of them, the courageous wife explained that she could not stay to the end of the trial because she had not the necessary funds. Just now she is stopping at the Park hotel, but says that she expects to find less expensive quarters soon in some Mexican family of the town. She feels that it is worth some sacrifice to be near David while he stands in the shadow of the gallows for the second time since his capture following the retreat of Villa from Columbus. Evidently women are pretty much the same the world over—fickle and steadfast, false and true.

"And," she protested with childish emphasis, "none of these prisoners are guilty of murder. They are all common soldiers—followers of Villa when he was the accepted ruler of Mexico, an honored guest even in Deming. Were these soldiers guilty of crime because they were true when others were false? Because they shared with their leader in victory and defeat, in honor and shame?"

"Now," and the soft lines of her face grew hard, "Villa has money and land and position; he will not turn his hand to help those who did his bidding so faithfully. I sent him a telegram imploring his assistance, but he doesn't even answer—I could kill him with these hands for his base neglect," and a baleful light flashed from the tear-swollen eyes as she assumed a posture of feline attack that was almost comical in contrast with the slight form and childish features.

Then the expression of anger gave place with volatile rapidity to one of weariness, and she sighed: "Madre de Dios, how I wish there had never been a Villa and a revolution. We were so happy in the old days, though we were quite poor and greatly oppressed."

Senora Rodriguez was dressed neatly, though her clothes were not of expensive materials nor of the latest mode. A long dark coat covered a blue dress, but did not altogether obliterate the lines of a trim figure. Her black hair and at times a considerable part of her berry-brown face was hidden in the folds of a black silk mantilla. High black kid shoes, with French heels, completed a costume. She carried a hand bag. Evidently Senora Rodriguez is a woman of pride in her personal appearance and not unconscious of her comeliness.

With the assistance of Major Campanole (Continued on Last Page.)

ing in spite of them, the courageous wife explained that she could not stay to the end of the trial because she had not the necessary funds. Just now she is stopping at the Park hotel, but says that she expects to find less expensive quarters soon in some Mexican family of the town. She feels that it is worth some sacrifice to be near David while he stands in the shadow of the gallows for the second time since his capture following the retreat of Villa from Columbus. Evidently women are pretty much the same the world over—fickle and steadfast, false and true.

BOLD ROBBER TRIES TO ROB LOCAL STORE

Heard About Nordhaus Grab Boxes and Wanted to Get in Early to Avoid the Rush, It Appears.

VALVERDE FIRES BUT MISSES

Same Watchman That Fired at Robbers Last Fall in Rear of Deming National Bank and Missed.

Members of the Deming Club and other citizens were startled about 9 o'clock last Thursday night when Matilde Valverde from in front of the Clardy shoe store on Gold avenue fired a shot at and missed a man fleeing south and at the time opposite the chamber of commerce. The frightened fugitive had just slid down an awning support in front of the post office and could easily have been captured had citizens known that he was a robber. The shot lodged in the radiator of the P. L. Gillmore automobile that stood near the post office corner.

Valverde is night watchman at the Nordhaus stores and had discovered the robber peering through a sash in the skylight of the Gold avenue store from which the glass had been removed. A rope hung down from the skylight in readiness for a clandestine entrance to the store. Valverde called Deputy Sheriff S. Z. Davis who went on the roof while Valverde watched below. The robber ran, of course, and Valverde darted out of the front door just as the fugitive slid down the awning support. The shooting followed. The robber was never again seen. He left behind him his shoes, a chisel used to remove the glass from the skylight and the rope that dangled down from it.

Valverde fired at a burglar attempting to enter another gold avenue store last winter.

FOR DEMING

In this country where the vastness makes us seem so very small, like the sea gulls on the ocean flitting from wall to wall. In our selves we're not sufficient and alone, want seeds we sow. But it takes a human interest in each other that we grow.

As a wall of odd construction made of blocks of different mold. It takes every sort of piece To make any structure hold—So we should, all, work together In our country great and free If we wish to build a fortress Of human love and sympathy.

We are only bits, no two the same; Each has a place to fill The way we fill one place will test The strength of what we build—Now a structure that is worthy Of our efforts and our pride Is under real construction For our town and country side

Public library—yes, you've heard it; And its strength depends, upon Each one interested in Deming And the place we call our home. If we want to please the homefolks, And the strangers coming through We must have some worth while structures—

We can show by what we do—If you like to boost your village And the place that you call home Do your bit to help this structure To be made stronger, since begun.

—MRS. F. D. VICKERS.

The newly organized Deming orchestra is still turning out splendid music. Meetings are held every Monday night at the armory for practice.

NOTES ON VILLISTA TRIAL

Deming citizens have not failed to notice that the Villistas now on trial for murder in the district court look considerably more like humans than the dirty, ragged, and hungry bandits that were brought here as prisoners in 1916 following the Columbus raid.

Their prison pallor gives them complexions several degrees lighter than the average Mexican; they are well fed, shaved and combed in neat styles of clothes. Their attitude seems to be one of unsmiling and stolid indifference to fate.

It will be remembered that there is one absent Villista captured at Columbus, unchanged and never likely to be hanged. He is Jesus Paea, who was only 12 or 13 years old when captured. He was wounded in the hip and his leg was amputated at the local hospital. For a time he lived in terror of his life, but finally was won over by the kindness of Mrs. Emma Duff, matron of the hospital. He was very bright, but hard to manage. He completed the work of the eighth grade in school and was taken care of at a convent school in Albuquerque for a year. He returned here and worked at the hospital, leaving two years ago for Galina. He has a marked talent for drawing.

I. O. O. F. CELEBRATION

The Odd Fellows of Deming will hold an anniversary celebration April 28. There will be a banquet and entertainment following. A number of out-of-town visitors are expected. All Odd Fellows and their families are expected to attend.

Arrangements have been completed with the women of the Methodist church to serve the booster club and chamber of commerce members with a banquet at 7:30 o'clock in the evening of May 4 at the armory. There will be special music, lots of boosting and a general good time.

E. D. Martin, superintendent of the city public schools, attended an educational conference at Santa Fe last week.

The Majestic Theater extends most hearty welcome to all I. O. O. F. visitors in our city.

FEUD ENDS IN DEATH OF SIKES STOCKMAN

Age-old Feud Between Rival Ranchers in Contest for Range Caused the Tragedy Near Lake Valley.

LUTHER WRIGHT FIRES SHOT

At Hearing Following Day at Hillsboro Mr. Wright Was Freed for Lack of Evidence of Guilt.

The age-old feud between rival stockmen for water and for range again culminated this time in the killing of John Sikes Tuesday afternoon by Luther Wright an employee of the firm of Nunn and Latham, owners of the SLC ranches six miles east of Lake Valley where the tragic drama was enacted. There has been "bad blood" between the neighboring ranchmen over the possession of a tract of land homesteaded by Mr. Sikes and on or near which a watering place for cattle was located. The destruction of the pumping plant and the burning of a house adjacent, together with irritating litigation have also entered into the case. Those familiar with the situation have long predicted bloodshed; these same are now contending that the killing Tuesday is only a curtain-raiser to further homicide.

The principals in the shooting and others connected directly and indirectly with the case are well known here, where the affair is much deplored. While great interest has been aroused, still the community hopes to be spared the horror of a blood feud harking back to the old days when human life was held cheap. While those concerned are credited with fierceness, yet it is possible that they may yield to the dictates of humanity and reason and settle existing differences in the courts.

Following the shooting, Mr. Wright rode into Hillsboro, county seat of the county in which the killing occurred and placed himself at the disposal of the sheriff. The following day at a preliminary hearing before a justice of the peace, Mr. Wright was released from arrest, the examining magistrate deeming that there was insufficient evidence to warrant his holding the defendant. Mr. Wright, when the jury was sworn, was Jay Barnett, a tragedy occurred of the firm of Nunn and Latham. He was the principal witness at the hearing.

All the evidence introduced tended to show that the killing was an attempt on the part of Mr. Sikes to draw a gun from his hip.

When seen Friday by a representative of the Graphic, Mr. Wright expressed great regret over the unfortunate affair, but urged in justification of his act that "it was my life or his."

"Mr. Barnett and I had gone to the well that had been badly damaged," said Mr. Wright with suppressed emotion, "to ascertain the extent of the damage done and to decide on the best method of repairing it. We had practically completed the examination when Mr. Sikes rode up on a horse and ordered us away in a most abusive manner. I was then seated on the ground smoking; my rifle was within easy reach leaning against the fallen windmill tower. When he reached his gun I shot him twice, killing him almost instantly. Without changing the posture of the body and after making certain that life was extinct, we rode into Hillsboro and surrendered to the sheriff. I